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THE PUBLIC SERVICE APPOINTMENTS.

HE Governor's two latest selections to complete the Public Service Board of this district do not measure up to his earlier appointments.

Oscar S. Straus was an admirable choice. Henry W. Hodge strengthens the commission with the services of an exceptionally connent engineer. The Senate has confirmed both nominations. The public heartily approves them.

The two new names arouse less enthusiasm. Both are open to objection.

Travis H. Whitney, it is true, lacks neither ability nor experience. As Secretary of the Public Service Commission of this district during the McCall period, however, Mr. Whitney's name necessarily connects itself with a badly discredited regime. He is, as Chairman Thompson of the legislative investigating committee has insisted, "an essential part of a bad system which has not been in any way representative of the people."

Charles S. Hervey, Deputy Comptroller of this city, is known as an experienced accountant and finance expert. As such he helped frame Gov. Whitman's State budget and supported the \$20,000,000 direct State tax which the Governor needlessly imposed upon the State's taxpayers. That is not a service likely to inspire confidence. in Mr. Hervey at this end of the State.

Both these nominations need to be carefully scrutinized before they are confirmed.

Gov. Whitman had a rare chance to make the Public Service Commission throughout a distinguished credit to his administration. It is a pity he did not take full advantage of his opportunity.

Appam's Passengers Set Free.-Headline. Not, be it noted, to cling to lifeboats or wreckage until picked up

PLENTY OF WORK.

TO BREAD LINES this winter. Data presented by The Evening World from the employment reports of the State Department of Labor, from savings bank statements and from current records of organized charity must have impressed everybody with the fact that jobs in and about New York City have not been so plentiful for years.

Thirteen hundred representative manufacturing concerns in city and State, employing half a million workers, report that up to Jan. 1 the number of employees increased 17 per cent., while wages went up 27 per cent. In some industries the increase in employment was as high as 60 per cent.

Thirty millions of dollars were deposited in the savings banks of the city in the last six months and nearly 500,000 new accounts were opened.

The City's Employment Bureau reported as early as last August The Charity Organization Society finds the unemployment situation "completely reversed" as compared with conditions a year ago.

LLABELLE MAE DOOLITTLE. A third song was recited by the the noted poeters of Delhi, Tex., poeters. It was called, "To a horse-believes song is a great aid to believes song is a great aid to works here through personal friends."

All this is firm foundation for prosperity. Also it gives a chance work. Not only that, but Miss Doe- ship with the poetess. Stop, look and for special treatment of the perennially unemployed. Now is the time to find out who really wants work and who doesn't. Separate with the sort of labor being perthe sheep from the goats. Teach chronic idlers the habit of self- formed. She recently addressed the

Agitators and I. W. W. orators will not think it worth while to visit New York this winter. Here is a chance to take over what is sion. left of their following and make it earn what it eats.

A snowfall, a welcome reappearance of the sun and a little joke played on the latter by the moon raised the spirits of New Yorkers yesterday after one of the gloomiest weather spells of

Warm days in January and February are trying to health and temper at best. When the skies are dark and dour as well, the air a Turkish bath and the pavements carpets of coze, it takes a lot of nerve to maintain that New York is still the best winter city in the world.

However, the worst is over; overcoats no longer weigh a ton, and germs are resting after a busy fortnight. A few days ago, when this town looked like a wet evening in a coal mine, the Kapsas City Journal broke forth:

Is our entire winter to be made up of this bright, genial, joyous, sunshiny weather, or are we to have some dark, cloudy days with snow and low temperature later on?

they are thinking, and others because they can't think of anything more to

The Menace of 81 Haircuts.

To the Editor of The Erening World:

Referring to a reader who recently wrote propheaying the coming of \$1 haircuts when the barbers have their innica. Let barbers forget this beautiful dream. In cities of this country where the Barbers' Union is unbroken, 35 cents for a haircut has nearly caused a riot, and further attempts to "raise" would only bring into town barbers who were willing to charge a reasonable price. In a city like New York it would be absolutely impossible to attempt a raise from 25 cents for a haircut, as the same day this was done there would be at least as many shops advertising haircuts at the old price. The habit of shaving one's self is much less common in Europe thai here. The chief reason for this is that a European barber.

A Western Blizzard By J. H. Cassel



Ellabelle Mae Doolittle -By Bide Dudley

terment League of Delhi on the subject and made a profound impres-

"I have discovered," said Miss Doolittle to the ladies of the league, "that he who sings merrily while at work will work merrily. However, work will work merrily. However, he should choose the right song. For instance, I would not have Peter Schooley, the butcher boy, singing Breaking Mother's Heart' while delivering meat. He should choose something appropriate like "The Cow Is in the Fasture," or "Father, the Calf Is in the Corn." Get me?" Miss Doolittle then went on to say

that she had written several songs for workers. The first, she stated, for workers. The first, she stated, was meant for a woman sweeping and had been written especially for her own use. She recited the words for the ladies and several of them asked for copies, that they might profit therefrom. Here's the "Sweep-

ing" song:

I am sweeping, sadly sweeping,

In the radior of my bosts:

I am happy what givet is weeping.

Like oid Nero did in Rome!

Oh, the dust is though flying.

Like soldiers before an attack,

My father, Peter P. Leolitic, is sighing.

Having lumbage in the back.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

One pointed remark is worth a whole conversation of dull talk.—

Philadelphia Telegraph.

The very appearance of some men is convincing proof that they have been the architects of their own fortunes.—Philadelphia inquirer.

Bome persons are silent because they are thinking, and others because they are thinking, and others because they can't think of a converse because they are thinking and others because they are thinking and they are the transfer to the architects of their own for the architects are the architects of their own for the architects are the architects of their own for the architects are the architec When the applause died down Miss Doolittle told her auditors she had found a sort of exhilaration in the A "leader" is a statesman who song when sung as she wielded th

The Jarr Family - By Roy L. McCardell -

where for a couple of weeks," of the house every day. You have the Brady dinner invitation. Robert said Mrs. Jarr, gloomily. "I'm your business downtown to distract rebelled, but finally gave in to her said Mrs. Jarr. gloomily. The your business downlown to distract that tired of everything:

"Your attention from the cares of pleadings and promised to go.

"Just this once. Jane," he said to ber, "and remember, dear, it is under protest. When the time comes that ust that tired of everything!"

Mr. Jarr, "but I'm afraid I'd find things!" somebody else in my job when I

"Oh, you feel you want to go away, do you?" said Mrs. Jarr. with a gleam of suspicion in her eyes. "It's too bad that your home isn't good enough for you! However, I wish I could have my way in such things, as you do: for, goodness knows, we never see much of you in the house!"

"Oh, come, now!" said Mr, Jarr.

"You're just feeling a little blue this morning. It's just the reaction we all feel once in a white."

"That's easy enough for you to I get to go to a matinee, is it? And to you specified a given happiness and have good expect to give me in month to keep up with such people."

"What do you expect to give me in you expected to give me in the commandation said dress before?"

"What do you expect to give me in good the companionship of these captures of the companionship of these captures as you do: for, goodness knows, we noon?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Where were you yesterday afternoon?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"You're just feeling a little blue this morning. It's just the reaction we all feel once in a white."

"I knew you'd throw that up to me," said Mrs. Jarr. "It isn't often the loss of the companionship of these captures to think some sort of the companionship of these captures to give me in the commandation said dreaded. They had been married so short a time that Hobert had naturally supposed it one of her movies, or to an occasional matinee."

"You're just feeling a little blue this moon?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"You're just feeling a little blue this moon?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"I knew you'd throw that up to me." asked Mr. Jarr.

"I knew you'd throw that up to me." asked Mrs. Fisher or Mrs. Brady to sit in a cheap seat? Not on your "I am flattered that you think asked the commandation said dreaded. They had been married so short a time that Hobert had month to keep up with such people."

"What do you expect to give me in the flowers of the commandation of the com

Miss Doolittle explained that, while she was not given to the use of slangshe had put in the word "blink" to impress the idea forcibly on the blacksmith's mind. The ladies thought it a good scheme.

All were pleased.

So Wags the World - By Clarence L. Cullen -

MAYBE you've noticed that when toriy over the "rag" she finally night?" asked Mr. Jarr.

you reach the summer hotel purchases because it "isn't anything that advertises its rates as "My like what I wanted." "You know well enough that advertises its rates as "\$12 per week and up," the "up" is infallibly just my-bout \$28 per.

My usels, Cyrus Q. Pertis, Esquire, Is, wearing a new orbits yest. He loves to sit by this hitchen live, Giving his sore feet a rost. But do not hurt the horses, blacksmith, They have feelings some as long. You remaid me of Hackwoodshidd; Sing and the world will warble hop.

out to do.

Why does a woman nearly always processes so easily. push a baby carriage on the wrong side of the walk? Answer: Because ,

The Unfathomable: Movie "com- escape from the wild-eyed zealot who

A man's idea of getting a spring you what a grand time can be had by you what a grand time can be had by taking a four-day trolley-car trip to the Berkehire Hills or Fail River or store, although his wife regards this as a siliy performance. When she wants one of those \$12.88\$ suits of taffeta she spends four days and two thousand dollars worth of nervous energy looking for it in nine-vous energy looking the money somehow."

I need it first kid."

"All: right Go to Atlantic City for "Maggy."

"Maggy" inserted an ad. in the most exclusive fashion magazines, staining the kid."

"Maggy" inserted an ad. in the most exclusive fashion magazines, staining the kid."

"Maggy" inserted an ad. in the most exclusive fashion magazines, and staining the kid."

"Maggy" inserted an ad. in the most exclusive fashion magazines, and supported.

"Maggy" inserted an ad. in the most exclusive fashion

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We don't mind our friends getting man said to us when we bought from We don't mind our friends getting man said to us when we bought from all of the good things out of life that they can, but we hate to hear 'em they can, but we hate to hear 'em brag that that's just what they've set they brag that that's just what they've set all the niftiest hat on the hat all they've set all my man and to us when we bought from you ever do go among nice people. Well, we HAVE got used to it! We and the sullen way you acted, as if you hat that's just what they've set. fact that that bedinged hat salesma to discern our fool mental enjoyment."

Granted, that it takes nerve to stick around the trenches. But peace side of the walk? Answer: necessary stick around the trenches. But peace hat hat her ordeals no less austere than she can get away with it.

Along about now last summer's downgerings were doing fancy work that her ordeals no less austere than her ordeals no less a

A girl has got to be mighty good-looking, or something, to be able to brag with impunity that the only

You never quite knew how sweet coops you in a corner and tries to tell thing and everybody,"

66 T'D just like to go away somes say," said Mrs. Jarr. "You get out

That's easy enough for you to I get to go to a matinee, is it? And when Clara Mudridge-Smith came by the World .

He World . The surprised at you. You don't seem to care how over and said she had two tickets much you humiliate me!" over and said she had two tickets and asked me to go along. I might have known you'd held it against me all the days of my life!"

"Where were you last Friday night?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"You know well enough where I was," replied Mrs. Jarr. "I was at a superstance of the line of the place of the household and your must make it do."

Jane thought with factors of the household and your private expenses, and you must make it do."

"You know well enough where I was," replied Mrs. Jarr. "I was at a superstance of the household and your private expenses, and you must make it do."

"You know well enough where I was," replied Mrs. Jarr. "I was at a superstance of the household and your private expenses, and you must make it do."

"You know well enough where I was," a superstance of the household and your passed off pleasantly—at least to Jane. She was flattered that you think so."

Jane thousehold the superised at your factors how much you don't seem to care how determination to take no part in the social life of the place.

The dinner passed off pleasantly—at least to Jane. She was flattered that you think so."

Jane thought seem to care how much you determination to take no part in the social life of the place.

The dinner passed off pleasantly—at least to Jane. She was flattered that you think so."

There's something devilishy cocksure about hat salesmen. "Oh but you'll get used to it," our hat salesmen him a lid that we loathed and hated. Well, we HAVE got used to it." We not the sales hat not the way you acted, as if consider it the niftiest hat on the ashamed of you. It took away all my Mythology a la Mode-By Alma Woodward,

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

Countright, 1916, by The Pres, Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

THE WOOING OF MISS WOPPIT.—by Eugene Field. ISS WOPPIT was the youngest and prettiest woman in the min camp of Red Horse Mountain. Hence, she had a swarm of a mirers. Foremost among these swains were Three-Fingere Hoover, Barber Sam and Jake Dodeley. She was a strange, slient, timid girl, who scarce spoke to any one; and her admirers were forced a adore her from a distance.

Miss Woppit lived with her brother Jim in a lonely cabin outside to settlement on the very edge of the forest. Jim Woppit was Town Marshal Red Horse Mountain; a zealous official, a man without fear. Erother and

sister were devoted to each other in their own silent fashion. A stagecoach line ran between Red Horse Mountain and the neares railroad. One night the stage was held up not far from camp, and C passengers were robbed of several thousand dollars. Only one robber wa seen by the victims. But they heard him calling orders to others in the darkness. The bandit was described as stocky and red-bearded,

Jim Woppit and a posse searched the whole region in vain for the gang.

And during the next few months the stage was held up three times. Every
time the robbers escaped and, every time, only one of

The Masked

Among the fourth hold-up's victims was Jake Dodsley. He was returning from Denver with a pair of gold arrings he had bought for Miss Woppit. At the muzzle of the masked robber's rifle he was forced to hand over these earrings and all of his cash. As soon as the thief vanished into the thick forest, Dodsley drew his pistol and started in pursuit. Later Jake was

found dend in the underbrush with a rifle ball through his head, Then Sir Charles Lackington, a Canadian capitalist, came on a tour inspection to Red Horse Mountain. With him was his daughter, Mary, A month later Sir Charles decided to leave camp by the morning stage. As he had much money with him, he told nobody except Jim Woppit of his

plan for departure. It was arranged that Jim should wait with a poss ome miles from the camp and escort the stage to the ratiroad.

As the stage was jogging along near the top of a seven-hundred-foot cliff, just beyond Red Horse Mountain, the masked robber sprang into the road and ordered the driver to hall. He enforced the demand by levelling

two pistols at the passengers. Mary Lackington screamed in terror. At the scream the robber started violently and half lowered his pistols.

Barber Sam, who sat on the box beside the driver, took advantage this diversion to send a builet through the masked man. The thief fell, dying, in the road. Barber Sam bent over him and

The Bandit Unmasked.

tore off the mask, then recied back, gasping: "Great God! Miss Woppit!" Jim Woppit's posse, waiting at some distantancead, had heard the shot and now came galloping back. Jim flung himself from his horse and knelt be-

"Willy! Willy! Willy! Then, as the thief sank back dead, Jim turned on the dumfounded of lookers. Tearing off his basise of office and throwing down his pistol, he andounced curtly that "Miss Woppit" was his young brother; that he had taught the boy to steal, and (to avert suspicion) had made him dress as a girl. As he finished his confession Jim turned, ran toward the chiff and, be

fore any one could stop him, leaped into the 700-foot gorge. The growd shrank back in horror from the dead youth who lay in the road. All except old Three-Fingered Heover. Reverently picking up the sody. Hoover bore it to camp in his arms. There he buried it. And over the grave he placed a white marble shaft. On it was the brief inscription:
"MISS WOPPIT."

When a Man's Married --- By Dale Drummond -

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CHAPTER III. "You should dress to It is strange that people who agree your coforing." Mrs. Fisher had told in the essential things of life her, and then recommended her dressmaker, and offered to introduce should quarrel about such non- her.

essentials as servanta, clothes, enter-taining, &c. Yet this is what Robert Harding and his wife did.

Jane absolutely refused to decline the Brady dinner invitation. Robert rebelled, but finally gave in to her pleadings and promised to go.

ber, "and remember, dear, it is under profest. When the time comes that day but you look lovely!" Rober drinking!" remarked Mr. Jacr, with a grin.

"Don't try to Joke about it!" repiled

ber, "and remember, dear, it is under profest. When the time comes that we can return these things I shall be glid as Jace came into the living for her it is absolutely impossible on \$100 a month to keep up with such panels."

"No. I ensee that dress before?"

"I am flattered that you think so."

"Didn't you tell me that it was very tiresome, and that Mrs. Stryver fixed it so that her own particular friends wen the prizes?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Well, it was very suspicious," and Mrs. Jarr. "but not that I cared. In Stick & Buck's. She started a mil-Convright, 1916, by The Pros. Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

hey are thinking and others because they can't think of anything more to say.

A "seader" is a statesman who sares with what you happen to say.

A "seader" is a statesman who say happen to say.

But, my dear friends," she continued who are asking, "But Wily do you know me?" will be getting the workers may be found to the selfish in thin, and others because they can't think of anything more to say.

To a real man there is no satisfaction in expressing an adverse opinion of another behind his back.—Albany Journal.

Letters From

Letters From

The Menace of 81 Balarcus.

To be kines of the Evenge wend.

Rederring to a reader with real control of a real real real and without talk.

Rederring to a reader with with you happen to both the worker shall be successed and sold the work and the second prize was only a form the deal work. Say, Tim. the first prize was only a good and they prove the long sun parior of a winter resort the line; who are asking, "But Wily do you know whether I had list" gasped downgerinos were doing fancy work in the long sun parior of a winter resort the line; the long sun parior of a dollar ninety sort the line; the sort was the waste of the sun that the worker shall have begins to the window. In a state worth of the work and the second prize was only a gold any script or the window, and the work and the work and the second prize was only a form the long sun parior of a winter resort was the first prize was only a gold any script or the first prize was only a gold any script or the sun that I cared the window. The line of the sort was the waste and waste works to get to the steps. And if were up against, we walked this scale to the window, and the second prize was only a sort of the state worth to get to the steps. And if were up against, we walked that worth to get to the steps. And if were up against, we walked that worth to get to the steps. And if were up against, we walked that worth to get to the steps. And if were up against, we walked that worth to get to the work at a work to get to "How do you know whether I had But the brightest, cutest little emor not?" demanded Mrs. Jarr. "Perhaps that is just what I'm dying to
get away from. I'm afraid of everything and everybody."

"All right. Go to Atlantic City for
"All right. Mr. Learn 1991."

"Maggy" inserted an additable to the

Dear Mag: I didn't have time enough to sew in the labels. Have some of your girls do it. Hope the parley-vooling painted on the outside of the case is all to the mustard as long as you're going to show it to prove the lids are imported. I copied it off a magazine, in haste, LIZ.